

It's hard to describe what happens as we are transforming Washington, D.C. into a massive block party for a million or two happy Americans – hopeful, patient, and to say the very least, hearty.

The geese are flying over the blue sky as I look back at the Lincoln Memorial. The reflection off the ice has a different quality than what I usually enjoy as I run on an early spring morning. There is evidence that there are people from all over the world; I'm hearing a number of foreign languages. I suspect this part of the global community is here for this historic event.

The work is proceeding on pace; a venue has been created for the concert in front of the Washington Monument

. They're working in the bitter cold but least it's sunshine and the wind isn't as tough. The reflecting pool is a sheet of ice and there is something that is not particularly grandiose but absolutely necessary: rows and rows of portable toilets looking like silent sentinels lined up and down the pathway.

As I run around the monument again, people on this bitterly cold morning waiting in line for a ride to the top, I'm tempted to actually take the tour – it's been years, so long ago that the last time I did it, I could actually climb the 897 steps. What a magnificent expression of the grandeur that is our capitol.

The families are such fun to watch - little kids all dressed up like Michelin babies in down parkas – not only warm, but I think they could fall off the Washington Monument and bounce up unscathed. There are cameras everywhere. It's like a convention of tourists from Japan

. There will be so many images captured, shared – it's amazing to contemplate while it's such fun to watch.

This may both date me and strike some as odd, but the feeling I'm remembering is that of the Portland Trailblazers winning its first and only NBA championship more than 30 years ago. Parades, the public adoration and excitement, the cohesive community spirit uniting people young and old into a shared, positive experience. This has much the same feeling, but is of course much more consequential.

As I finish my run, they are testing the sound system with the orchestral rendition of America – the words unspoken, but being sung in my head. The flag draped Capitol, as the preparations continue, I'm looking at the spot that I will occupy tomorrow and it's hard not to get choked up. It sounds hokey, but it's kind of how I feel.